

Dragon Hair

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Summary: AU in which Rapunzel, Gothel and her family are born as vikings. Rapunzel, having been born with the hair that had the ability to calm any dragon, decides to leave Gothel and her home in the dragon's nest to see the floating lights for her sixteenth birthday. She hitches a ride on one of the island's Night Furys only for something to go terribly wrong courtesy of Hiccup.

Hiccunzel

## 1. Chapter One: Child of the Dragon FLower

Gothel's finger's curled around the last bit of power she retained in the world, holding on with a might that would muster a whimper from Thor himself. She could not afford to loose the precious bits of vegetation held in her slender fist. She'd gotten this far and she wasn't about to loose it all now dammit!

Normally the wind blowing her hair into such an unattractive standing would be unacceptable, but then again this wasn't exactly a normal situation she was in. It wasn't every day that Gothel infiltrated a viking village in the dead of night in the hopes of stealing a lump of infant hair.

Gothel flattened herself against the charcoal neck of the creature she road as the viking village of Corona came into view. She commanded the beast to circle the village as she searched for the largest building in the village: the chief's home. Guards on constant watch patrolled the village with torches, keeping a wary eye on the very skies Gothel flew in case of a sudden attack. Luckily, Gothel had thought ahead and taken a Night Fury with her on this quest , knowing that no man would be able to spot her.

She commanded the dragon down once she'd spotted the structure she was looking for. The dragon landed with such grace that not a sound was heard of the landing, not even by Gothel. Dismounting, the turned to the beast and whispered "Stay. Stay here till I come back."

The Night Fury gave her a distrusting look and a low growl rumbled from its throat. Becoming impatient, Gothel unfisted her hand and hummed a short five-noted tune, causing the leaves in her hand to acquire a magical golden glow.

"Stay." she whispered sternly at the dragon as she shoved the vegetation against its nose.

The dragon immediately calmed, sitting on its haunches and staying put. "Good boy." Gothel muttered.

She made her way around the house, peeking her head into every window until finding the nursery. Making sure nobody saw her, she slipped into the room and turned to the crib where a baby girl with beautiful golden hair lay sleeping. The girl's name was Rapunzel, as publicly announced by her parents before they had released a lantern into the air to commemorate their daughter's birth. Gothel approached the crib and looked down at the child with a mixture of disgust, hope, and desperation. The disgust undoubtedly explained by the origins of the infant's blond hair.

The chief's wife, despite her pregnancy, had gone to fight during a dragon raid out of a feeling of obligation to protect her village. Of course it significantly slowed her down and the inevitable accident occurred; she was poisoned by a dragon. Being so beloved by the villagers, volunteer search parties were sent out to search for the only known cure for a dragon's poison: the Dragon Flower. The flower had the power to cure any poison dragon-caused, heal any burn dragon-caused, and most importantly; calm any dragon down with the simple utterance of five little notes. Of course the villagers ended up finding the not-so-well-hidden flower and using it to successfully cure the chief's wife.

The hope and desperation were easily explained as well. Gothel, having cheated her way into immortality by use of magic had found this flower and used its petals to control dragons for hundreds of years. With the help of the flower, she even had the King Dragon under her control, making him tell the other dragons to plunder villages not only of food, but of jewels and valuables as well. However, the effects on dragons was not permanent and Gothel had to constantly re-visit the flower for a fresh batch of petals and leaves to ensure her leadership. With that being taken away from her, she was desperate, her only hope being the chance that the flower's magic had been passed on to the child born of it.

Gothel opened her fist and watched as the last of the flower's magic faded from the petals until the magical glow on the vegetation ceased. She dropped the mess into the crib and stared at her only remaining option.

Taking a deep breath, she began to hum the tune that set the flower aglow numerous times in her experience. She only hoped it would do the same for the girl. A grin cracked on Gothel's lips as she saw the girl's hair begin to light up.

Without another thought or heed, Gothel snatched the child out of the crib and ran off to the Night Fury who flew away with both of them, bound for Dragon' Nest Island.

\*\*Some years later\*\*

Deep in the towering volcano on Dragon's Nest Island, there was a tower built into the inner rock walls of the volcano. Rapunzel, now age fifteen, leaned out of one of the windows of the structure, gazing in wonder as all the dragons congregated to stow the spoils of their recent plunders. Despite the numerous occasions on which she witnessed such massive congregations, she never failed to be awe struck by the sight of the dragons. One could speculate that it had something to do with Rapunzel's secret, but deep-rooted desire to be free and the fact that flight represented freedom, but that would be a bit overly analytical.

She watched as half dragons dropped down their stolen fish into the awaiting gullet of the King Dragon, and the other half dropped valuables into a naturally forming platform just a few feet below the window. Rapunzel giggled as she saw one of her favorite Dragons Pascal struggling to carry some sort of stick to Rapunzel's window.

"Thanks Pascal!" she thanked the dragon, placing a hand over her heart to show him how grateful she was.

Pascal tried to send a playful salute her way, almost dropping his stick in the process.

"Here, let me see." Rapunzel said as she took the stick into her slender hands. It was roughly an inch and a half thick wooden stick, covered with an intricately pattered gold plating on one of the ends.

"You know, this would go great with my...you didn't!" Rapunzel squealed excitedly at the dragon. He nodded in a satisfied manner as if to say '\_Yea, I totally did.\_' causing the ever effervescent girl to squeal in delight and dash off into her craft room, Pascal trailing close behind.

The craft room of the tower was the room which housed all of the tools Rapunzel needed to satisfy her many hobbies of blacksmithing, leather-working, carving, and painting among others. All of the tools were plundered goods from viking villages, however the fact that most of her belongings were stolen never seemed to phase Rapunzel.

Stick in hand, she went to her work bench and riled through the impassive pile of different leather and weapon-heads until she found what she was looking for.

"Ha!" she cried triumphantly as she connected the battle-axe head to the stick. "Perfect!"

Then, Rapunzel placed the newly crafted weapon on her wall of weapons, never to be touched again. Of course she had a thing for making weapons, but using them? What could she possibly use them on anyway?

"Rapunzel darling!" her mother's voice called, interrupting her silent musing.

"Coming mother!" she called back, running to the window to see what it is her mother wanted. Rapunzel's head popped out the window to see

her mother picking through the enormous pile of valuables that the dragons had brought back for them.

"Yes?"

"Could you help me find something to match my dress in here?" Gothel requested.

"Be right down!" Rapunzel called cheerily, attaching her almost inhumanly long hair to the hook, and sliding down onto the ledge where her mother stood.

After several minutes of tedious rifling, Gothel found what she was looking for (a large golden pendant to hang on her neck) and gazed at her reflection in a mirror that one of the dragons happened to drop in the pile. This was the perfect time for Rapunzel to set her plan in motion.

"You know mother, my sixteenth birthday is coming up in less than two weeks." she began.

"Is that right? Are you sure? I could have sworn you've already had one of those." said as she looked at herself from a different angle.

"Well that's the funny thing about birthdays; they're kind of an annual thing." Rapunzel pointed out. Her mother hummed in affirmation.

"I'm turning sixteen mother, and you know, there's one thing I really want for this birthday." she informed Gothel.

"I've got it!" Gothel said, as she began rifling through the treasures. "Here you are darling! What do you think of this?" she said triumphantly as she handed Rapunzel a pocket watch she'd fished out of the pile. Rapunzel frowned.

"Well, uh, you see mother, the thing is...I actually wanted some of that pain...the one made from the shells you once brought be from the shores of the Orkney Islands?" Rapunzel asked.

"The Orkney Islands? Rapunzel, that's a three day trip by air!" Gothel cried incredulously.

"Oh, I see. Sorry, I don't want to ask for too much." Rapunzel muttered, trying her best to look devastated. Gothel fell right into Rapunzel's trap, an affectionate submissive smile forming on her lips.

"Alright darling. I'll get you those shells." She said.

"Really?!" Rapunzel squealed with feigned excitement.

"Yes."

Rapunzel packed Gothel's pack with three days of rations and a dagger, and showed her mother off, the two of them doing their rehearsed performance of I love you's. Once Rapunzel was sure her mother was gone, she disappeared into the tower to start

preparations.

\*\*Well that it is. I already uploaded a chapter one before, but I didn't like it. I wrote it in a hurry and it was crap, so here's a re-written one. Hope its better.\*\*

\*\*Well, I tried. I really really did. So basically (if you didn't already catch it) instead of the magic golden flower healing people, it calms dragons, makes their fire stop, basically anything you need to help train a dragon. Aaaand Punzie's parents are the leaders of another viking village plagued by dragons called Corona. Aaaand, Gothel is the one making the dragons plunder villages aaaand, yea.\*\*

\*\*Idk why I started this. I just got really into HTTYDxTangled crossovers and there weren't many, so obviously the solution had to be "write your own!". I'm not really good at updating so...yeaaa. The next time I update (if ever) Hiccup will probably come into the story by then. Soooo...enjoy.\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2: Hitching a Ride

Rapunzel whirred around her tower in a flurry of blond hair and excitement, flying through her work in a matter of minutes. She gaged the items she'd prepared, glancing between them and her leather-bound notebook.

"Foodâ€|clothesâ€|armorâ€|flight helmetâ€|tentâ€|" She said aloud, checking off the things she had until everything was accounted for.

She scratched at her head with the twig she'd been writing with, "Everything checks offâ€|. Why do I feel like I'm missing something?"

There was a sudden crash in her workroom. Rapunzel dropped everything and ran, peeking her head cautiously around the corner, only to be greeted with a sheepish Pascal, sitting on top of a heap of weapons that had fallen from her wall.

She put her hands on her hips "Pascal.."

He squeaked in response, diving into the pile and showing her the end of a weapon.

"What?" Rapunzel asked as she took hold of the stick and lifting it minimal effort to see that it was the battle axe she'd finished, courtesy of Pascal. "Oh Pascal, you know I don't know how to use these things!"

The dragon gave her a deadpan look, letting out a string of squeaks as an explanation.

"Yes, I do suppose all I have to do is swing it around to use it, alright alright. I'll bring it. Now come on, we have to go!" Rapunzel said to him, dragging the axe with her and grabbing a leather weapon's strap off the table as she left the room.

She placed the battle axe in the strap (noting that it wasn't exactly

made for this axe and that she'd have to adjust it later), stuffed her notebook into her back, and then hauled it onto her back. Rapunzel then poked her head out of the window, calling for the best dragon she could think of for a stealth mission like this: a nightfury.

It was perfect; her mother would be gone at the Orkney islands for six days (three days there, then three days back. Maybe a whole week if her mother stopped for the night!), while Rapunzel would sneak out of the tower on a stealthy dragon during their raid today, and find the floating lights! She'd see what they are, where they came from, and why they were there, and then she's return home before her mother and act as if nothing happened.

Finally, Rapunzel saw a nightfury appear at her call and she placed her helmet firmly on her head, thankful for the braid her hair was now in. Of course she'd ridden dragons before. Curiosity had gotten the best of her in years before as she watched her mother fly away on them countless times to doâ€¢well, whatever it was her mother did. However many times she'd ridden dragons, she had never really strayed too far from the island for fear of encountering the scary Viking people her mother told her about.

This flight was different. This time she wouldn't be scared of people. With her hair, she could tame any dragon to fight on her side. She took a deep breath and hummed to the dragon, urging it to come closer and then climbed onto its back.

He took a few moments to adjust his wings to the added weight and allow the girl to find a sturdy place on his neck. Rapunzel hummed the soothing tune to the dragon again, filling him with need to comply.

"You okay?" she asked.

He let out an affirming snort.

"Let's fly"

That was all he needed to hear. The nightfury shot forward, jolting Rapunzel backward before she gripped the nightfury's neck tightly, then giggled at her own antics. After a few moments, Rapunzel relaxed her grip and slowly eased into a more erect position to see.

It was beautiful. They'd taken off just as the sun was setting, giving the multitude of dragons flying by her side a majestic glow. Pascal suddenly swooped into the airspace to her right and twirled around in the air. Rapunzel threw her arms out and laughed, the familiar feeling of freedom that she felt every time she rode a dragon overtaking her. As they rode, she urged the nightfury to do a few nose dives and flips, only causing her to laugh and smile until her cheeks hurt. She'd never ridden a dragon like this, and she'd never felt so free. The nightfury had to resist the urge to roll his eyes at her childishness the entire time.

\* \* \*

><p>A short while after the sun had fully set, encasing everything in an almost impenetrable darkness, the dragons spotted the light of Berk's torches and began to circle the town from a distance. Then

they attacked.<p>

All the dragons seemed to work according to a predetermined plan, each of their movements helping the others. The larger dragons went about burning and wrecking as many homes as possible, and slightly smaller dragons would land and try to herd the people away from their targets. The small dragons went into buildings and took what they could. Every dragon used everything they could to their advantage as they fought the citizens of Berk for their food and valuables.

Rapunzel simply watched with wide eyes as buildings burned, people screamed and fought. The nightfury had continued circling Berk at a distance, never going too near, for which Rapunzel was thankful. Despite how she'd been taught to hate all of mankind outside of her mother, she couldn't help the horrified feeling at what the dragons were doing to these people. She also couldn't help the relief she felt as she watched them all fight back aggressively. They seemed to be holding their ground well enough, and nobody seemed to be hurt.

The relief she'd felt drained away as the nightfury's mouth opened wide and she saw a ball of blue flame build in his mouth.

"No!" she burst out, yanking on his wing to throw him off balance just as the shot was fired. It missed by a mile and shot out into the empty air over the woods.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Please, just stop! Please!" Rapunzel pleaded, "This is wrong, please!"

The nightfury continued his circling of Berk and sped up, opening his mouth wide once more.

Rapunzel was ready to grab at his wings again when she felt something heavy circle around her back pin her down hard to the black mass she was riding.

She couldn't move her body. She couldn't even turn to see what was happening. She only felt herself going downwards faster and faster. She heard only the rush of wind in her ears and the roar of the nightfury as they plummeted down to earth, tangled in something heavy and hard, courtesy of a certain Viking boy.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Wow, amazing, a new chapter. Hehe i didn't actually expect people to read this. reason 1) wtf i wrote this at 3AM one day for shits n giggles. reason 2) nobody ships hiccup. reason 3) no really, NOBODY ships this ship wth.<strong>

\*\*In any case, I'm glad a few people like this and I still probably won't update often, I'm just stuck with nothing to do for a week, so maybe I'll update a little more this week. Who knows, I might actually come to enjoy writing this a little more and start updating at a constant, but don't get your hopes up!\*\*

\*\*So, any reviews are welcome I guess. Feel free to point out any spelling mistakes or anything. I have a general outline of where this story is going, but if you have any ideas, hit me up! I also like to

consider myself the EENSIEST BIT of a visual artist, so maybe I'll end up drawing viking Rapunzel and dragon Pascal one day. Anyways, hope you liked it. Au revoir mes petites burritos! A plus!\*\*

### 3. Chapter 3: Amateur Stalking

For a long while Hiccup had been suspecting that the universe held some unwarranted hatred for him, and had been acting on it throughout his life. Giving him the body comparable to "and to quote the burlier citizens of Berk" "walking fishbone"; said walking fishbone being born to Berk's leader; his mother dying; a level of wit that nobody seemed to appreciate; and various other inconveniences that seemed to plague him (and only him) throughout life all served as evidence to his suspicion.

Wandering through the woods for hours in a fruitless search, then being smacked in the head by a particularly bristly tree branch renewed his suspicions. He swatted the branch away angrily again and glared up at the tree. His eyes trailed down its length, seeing how it had broken and fallen over, and how the end of the tree seemed to point down a path of wreckage that led deeper into the woods.

Hiccup clumsily made his way down the path and peeked his head over a ridge. He lowered himself immediately, seeking cover as a single word floated through his head.

Dragon.

He hastily unsheathed his dagger and held it in his hands, taking a deep breath and stumbling down to hide behind a boulder near the still dragon. Taking one more deep breath, he emerged from behind the boulder and took in the full view of the Nightfury lying motionless, tangled in his own work.

"Oh wow! I-I..I did it." He breathed, "Oh yes! This fixes everything! Yes!"

Hiccup placed a foot on the dragon and said excitedly, "I have brought down this mighty beast!"

The Nightfury growled and moved his leg, shoving Hiccup off of him. Hiccup stumbled back into the boulder that had been his hiding place, his heart beating erratically with fear.

It's alive.

He pointed his dagger at the dragon again, inching closer and taking more calming breaths. The Nightfury watched Hiccup he spoke words of reassurance to himself and raised the dagger the strike.

Hiccup watched the dragon, ready to strike and observed the creature. Tied up. Hurting. Immobile. Vulnerable.

"I did this!" he mumbled miserably.

After a moment, he glanced around, making sure nobody was around, and then made hasty work of cutting the dragons bindings. Once the Nighfury felt his limbs become mobile again, he freed himself from the ropes and pinned Hiccup down, growling. He stared down at the

terrified boy, debating with himself. After a few more moments of deliberation, he roared in the boy's face, and then tried, with minimal success, to fly away from the boy, deeper into the woods.

Hiccup slowly got up and watched as the dragon fled. He held up his dagger once more as movement caught his eye. Where the nightfury was tied up sat a person in leather body-armor and a helmet, untangling themselves from the ropes that had bound the Nightfury.

"Who are you?" Hiccup finally asked.

The figure froze, and then slowly looked up at him. They stared at each other for several minutes before the figure began to wordlessly back away until it was out of sight. By then Hiccup was shaking. He turned to leave but found himself flat on his face.

\* \* \*

><p>Rapunzel was running now. She never thought that she'd end up encountering another person until she found the floating lights! And she had defiantly not planned on someone shooting her out of the sky.</p>

"Please be okay, please be okay!" Rapunzel chanted to herself and she ran in the direction of the Nightfury's wreckage. Although the dragon didn't seem to like her very much, she still didn't want any harm to come to him.

She finally escaped the blanket of trees and into a ridged clearing where the Nighfury had escaped to. He was angrily clawing at the rocky ridge and frantically flapping his wings, falling on his back when trying to take flight. Rapunzel immediately rushed over, ripping off her helmet and tossing it aside.

"Stop!" she commanded him as he frantically wriggled to regain a standing position, "Hey, calm down. It's okay, just calm down." Her tone turned soothing.

The Nightfury stopped his thrashing, but it was clear there was no calm. The look he shot her told Rapunzel everything. She pouted.

"You think it's my fault we fell?"

A nod.

"I didn't wrap those ropes around you!"

An incredulous expression and a stomp of the foot.

"Well you were gonna shoot those people! What did you want me to do?"

Groaning.

"I....I didn't have a problem with it before because I didn't see a bunch of people about to get killed!"

A cock of the head to the side.

Rapunzel pressed her lips into a tight line, then spoke as if she hadn't understood the accusation behind the gesture, "Come on, you must be in pain. Even with all this armor on I'm sore all over. Let me look at you. I've got some stuff in my pack."

He looked at her for a long time, clearly annoyed at how she changed the subject, but he couldn't deny the pain in his tail. The Dragon swung his tail around from behind him to give Rapunzel a clear view of the damage.

She gasped, horrified. One of the fins on his tail was completely ripped off. As she stared, she patted the ground for her pack and lifted it up. Upon finding it unusually light, she finally looked down at it and let out a despaired cry. A rip ran down the length of her pack's side, which Rapunzel frantically shoved various body-parts in and out of frantically as if assuring herself that the rip was actually there. As she twisted the pack around a single item fell and clattered down onto the ground.

A frying pan.

She picked up the last piece of equipment she had, silently mourning the lovely battle-axe she'd crafted only a day earlier.

The Nightfury eyed the frying pan Rapunzel held questioningly. Rapunzel laughed.

"I'm not going to be treating you with this! Orâ€|wellâ€|anything. My stuff fell when we didâ€|but I'll get you something! That Viking boy must have come from a house! I'll find it and bring you something!" she babbled, then without waiting for a reply, dashed off into the woods into the direction she came from, scooping up her helmet as she ran and securing it on her head.

With her frying pan ready for action, she made her way back to their crash site, hoping that the boy's apparent lack of muscle would make him slow and easy to track. As she ran she giggled. The whole situation (while still saddening from her injured friend) was just so exciting! Rapunzel felt like her life was finally beginning.

\*\*A.N.-\*\*

\*\*Ehehehe, well obviously I don't update periodically, nor do I give particularly long updates, but I do update. That's good, no? It seems like every time I check my email I get one new person who favorites or follows this story and it's so flattering, so likeâ€|thanks.  
TTwTT\*\*

\*\*As a warning though, I really should not be the one to write a fic with romance in it. My romantic experience is limited to elementary school "husbands" and despite how romantically starved I am, I don't come up with these really cute scenarios in my head, so my imagination isn't really tailored forâ€|romance-fic-writing. It's just that I am so incredibly inept in this area that even just \*\*\_\*\*writing\*\*\_\*\* about it makes me really embarrassed and flustered so in future chapters, (where romance is probably called for) I'll likely try to skirt around writing the romantic or cute parts and just focus on "Wow! They should totally be making out, but hey look

at how green Pascal is as a dragon, wow! While they're doin the do, let us, dear readers, focus on this dragon and how fucking green he is! Fucking amazing!" so, justâ€|sorry. Ye have been warned.\*\*

End  
file.